

No Clothing

carried over from one season to another by The Standard. Our prices are moving the stock.

\$6.50 sale price Suits reduced 10 per cent.—\$5.85.
 \$9.45 sale price suits, reduced 10 per cent.—\$8.51.
 \$14.50 sale price suits, reduced 10 per cent.—\$13.05.
 \$16.50 sale price suits, reduced 10 per cent.—\$14.85.
 \$19.50 sale price suits, reduced 10 per cent.—\$17.55.

Same reduction on Boys' Clothing. Fit up your boys for school.

Standard Clothing Co.

TERSELY TOLD.

O. C. Harris, of Marianna, is transacting business here.

J. A. Smith, a citizen of Flomaton, was in the city yesterday.

W. A. Finley, hailing from Pine Barren, was in the city yesterday.

J. C. Newton and wife of Milton, are spending a few days in Pensacola.

C. T. Turner of Montgomery is in the city on a short business trip.

J. R. Oglesby, of Montgomery, is spending a few days at the Esplanade hotel.

H. C. Randall of Anniston, Ala., arrived in Pensacola yesterday on business.

R. G. Richards of Mobile, is spending a few days in the city at the Manhattan.

Hon. Jno. Neal of Westville, is in the city on a short visit and is being warmly greeted.

Fred Johnson, a well known Moline man, was shaking hands with local friends yesterday.

E. F. Johnson was among the local Milton visitors yesterday, being registered at the Merchants.

J. H. Godwin, accompanied by Miss M. Godwin, came over from Millview yesterday for a short visit in the city.

M. Marx, arrived from Atlanta yesterday on a business and pleasure tour, being registered at the Southern.

Sheriff Jas. C. Van Pelt, who has been one of a fishing party to spend ten days most pleasantly up the sound, returned home yesterday.

T. V. Hoyt, formerly with the Pensacola Electric Co., has accepted a position with a turpentine firm as bookkeeper. Mr. Hoyt is an energetic young Louisianian, and during his residence in this city has made many friends.

Wm. R. Johnson, of the firm of Wm. Johnson & Son, who returned home a day or two ago from a trip to the northern markets which included New York and Chicago, says that he found a great deal of interest manifested in Pensacola's proposed new half-million dollar hotel and he believes that

STEAMER	
MONARCH'S	
SCHEDULE	
Daily, Except Sunday.	
Leave City for Navy Yard and Pavilion 7:15 a. m.	
Leave Pavilion for Navy Yard and City 4:30 p. m., except on Saturdays, when she leaves at 11:45 a. m.	
Leave City for Pavilion 10:10 a. m. \$10 p. m. and 7 p. m.	
Leave Pavilion for City 1 p. m., 6 p. m. and 9 p. m.	
Leave City for Pavilion 7:15 a. m., 3:10 p. m., 6 p. m. and 7:45 p. m.	
Leave Pavilion for City 4:30, 6:45 and 10:10 p. m.	
FARE—ROUND TRIP, 25 CENTS.	

U. S. Mail Launch RUTH

SCHEDULE.
 Pensacola, Mary Esther and Boggy Mail Line.
 James J. Reid, Capt.
 Leaves landing Monday, Wednesday and Friday 7:30 a. m., making calls at Harris, Mary Esther, Camp Walton, Destin and Boggy.
 Returning, leaves Boggy Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:00 a. m., arriving Pensacola 1:30 p. m.
 Passenger and freight rates.
 Apply to D. M. Witherill, Contractor and Manager, Landing, 713 South Palafox, Phone 850.

The Yacht "Waterboy" is now prepared to give SPECIAL RATES for excursions and parties to any part of the bay or sound, into the Gulf. She has full equipment and dressing rooms for private parties who wish to go bathing. A well-equipped cook's galley, fishing tackle, everything necessary to make an outing pleasant. Wharf at the foot of Palafox street.
 CHAS. HARDESTY,
 146 Church St.

it will be a fine paying proposition from the start.

The maximum temperature at Pensacola yesterday was 86 degrees at 11:55 a. m., while the minimum was 77 degrees at 1:40 a. m. Last year on the same date the maximum was 90 degrees and the minimum 76 degrees. The average maximum for this date is 87 degrees and the average minimum 74 degrees.

Fifteen defendants were docketed for trial yesterday morning before Judge Johnson in the recorder's court. Of this number three cases were continued, two defendants sentenced to thirty days imprisonment and one sixty days. Fines imposed amounted to \$39. One of the defendants was Kate Kane, who was charged with keeping her premises in an unsanitary condition. She was fined \$5 and costs.

DO IT NOW.
 It does not pay to wait to buy Blue Ribbon Vanilla. It means a saving of money and better desserts. It goes twice as far and the flavor is perfection.

ARTIST BEAT AFFINITY WIFE

F. Penny Earle is the Real Thing as a Subject of Sensation.

Special to The Journal.
 Goshen, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Ferdinand Penny Earle the eccentric and wealthy artist who is in jail here charged with beating his wife and soul mate formerly Julia Kuttner, was closely watched by extra guards all through the night for fear he would attempt to end his life.

Earle is completely unnerfed and it is expected that he will provide the \$500 bail required before many more hours. During the early part of the night he appeared to be absolutely indifferent and languid but when lights were put out he became nervous. He began pacing his cell and pulled at his long hair and rubbed his chin. The very fact that he had pleaded guilty to the charge of beating his young "Affinity" wife seemed to weigh heavily on him.

The penalty for this crime is five years imprisonment or \$1000 fine at the discretion of the court.

The feeling against Earle all through Monroe and Central Valley is bitter. Since he cast off his first wife and little son to marry Julia Kuttner, whom he called his affinity, he has been shunned by his neighbors. An effort was made today to get a statement from Earle and a note was sent to him by a reporter asking him if he had anything to say. The penitentiary answer came back. "I have nothing, thank you, at present to say, Ferd Earle."

Mrs. Earle with her baby, born on Aug. 4 in her arms and accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Kuttner, and her aunt, Mrs. Inez Barry, left Monroe last night after Earle had been thrust in prison. They represented that they were going to the Kuttner home in New York.

An examination to determine Earle's sanity will be made today. The general opinion is that he is crazy.

The Earles, it is said, have not lived happily for weeks. It is declared that the baby, a boy, was born. Earle was given to violent fits of temper and that he abused Mrs. Earle fearfully. After the birth of the baby the artist became even more bitter against his "Soul mate."

It was very good of you to have come, answered Earle, "but there's no trouble here. It is a false alarm."

Hayes did not report the incident until after the arrest of Earle yesterday and then it developed that for some days the Earle home had been sort of an armed camp. Mrs. Earle was kept a close prisoner in the part of the house, while Mrs. Earle's mother and brothers, who had returned to the place in spite of the trouble they had one night, were in another with Mrs. Barry.

The brothers, Alfred and Charles Kuttner, made repeated protests to Earle against his treatment of his wife. A few days ago Alfred Kuttner had one of the great dunes set on him by Earle and had a narrow escape from serious injury.

"What are you doing here?" "I heard cries for help coming from your house," replied Hayes. "What's the matter?"

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Stories of the Streets and Town

A Summer Idyl.
 Just a little brown canoe,
 Floating on the stream;
 Only room enough for two,
 Just a blissful dream.

Just a little promise won
 From the maiden neck,
 Kept as faithful as the sun
 Just one little week!

"What are you looking for?" asked Johnson's wife as she peered over his shoulder at the breakfast table, while he eagerly perused the morning paper. "I am looking," answered her husband with elaborate indifference, "for an ad. I put in for today. Oh yes. Here it is!" and his wife read the following:

"Wanted—Young lady stenographer. Salary, \$15 to start. Inquire No. 100—Blank Building."
 "Funny you should need a new stenographer at this time of the year," vouchsafed his wife. "You never said anything to me about needing one. I see she must be 'young,' according to your printed stipulations. Why didn't you add 'beautiful,' 'accomplished,' 'well dressed' and so on? I should have thought such minor details would not have escaped your attention."

Johnson turned hot and cold by turns as he always does under similar circumstances, inwardly cursed himself for his lack of tact in even mentioning the transaction at home, which after all, he considered, was his own business, and then squared himself for the fray.

"But my dear Annetta—" he began. "Don't 'dear Annetta' me," she answered. "In a tone of voice which Johnson didn't like."

"It seems to me that the time is not fitting for remarks of endearment from a man who is looking about for a good looking, accomplished young female to grace his office while his wife sits at home, probably neglected," snapped Mrs. Johnson.

"Annetta," said her husband, "while I do not as a rule consider my affairs at the office any of yours, many sense of the word whatever, and especially not when the hiring of help is concerned, I am going to lay aside for once my prejudices against a man who will be influenced by his wife into home explanation of business matters."

"In fact, Annetta, for the past two weeks, business has been so infernally rushing that I have been almost impossible for me to handle it alone. I need help. The reason I advertised for a young woman, was because I considered that an older one might not be contented to start in on the salary I have to offer."

Johnson leaned back in his chair, puffed placidly at his morning cigar, and prepared for the peace which he felt was to follow after this volley of conclusive argument.

"But he was mistaken. His wife, who had seated herself opposite him, looked him squarely in the face.

He noted, too, through the rings of smoke which he was blowing that there was a dangerous light in her eyes.

"Jack Johnson," she began, and there was a fine scorn hidden in her voice. "It hasn't been three days since I asked you for the measly little sum of \$50 to buy a full suit with, that you know I absolutely need. You told me—now didn't you?—that business was so rotten dull during the latter part of the season that you couldn't possibly afford it—then you launched into a beautiful and convincing argument which was to have the effect of making me think even on the plea money proposition for the next six months."

"Young stenographer, indeed! Overworked!"

"Jack Johnson, you are a brute!" Johnson squirmed. Being a lawyer, he couldn't help seeing the logic of it all—and admiring her severity for it and being a man, he didn't half relish the situation, after all.

He chewed the end of his cigar—relighting it carefully, changed the position of a coffee cup which stood on the table, and then glanced at the flushed face of his wife.

"Annetta," he began feebly, "Annetta, you know you can have all the clothes you want. My check book—"

But he got no further. His wife arose, flounced out of the room, only stopping at the door for a parting shot:

"I wouldn't bother your check book, Mr. Johnson, for the world! Of course, I can wear last year's suits and made over millinery very cheerfully, when I know that by doing so I am enabling you to enjoy such luxuries as good looking young women stenographers—whom he needs in the present rush of business. I am now most thoroughly convinced."

The door slammed. Johnson considered for a moment—then he reached for his check book.

Mrs. Johnson, huddled on the outside of the key hole, red-eyed and very angry, was finally rewarded by this one-sided conversation, carried on by her husband.

"Hello—is this No. 111?" "Is this the office of the Morning Breeze?"

"Well, please take my ad. out for a stenographer. This is Jack Johnson, of the Blank Building. Yes, thanks. I am already satisfied."

Miss Ann's mother was one of those scheming, calculating specimens of female humanity, whose one chief aim was for some man—only a mere man worthy of the name—to bear her

A GOOD SET of Brains
 Can be kept in good condition best by
Grape-Nuts
 which contains the material to make good brain cells—it is made by a Food Expert from wheat and barley.
 "There's a Reason."

daughter bodily away from her weeping embrace, and to marry her.

The neighbors knew this, and so did Miss Anne, who, like the refractory young person she was, had studiously avoided all matrimonial overtures on the part of a veritable army of youths, urged on by her mother's only too apparent generalization.

The young men, according to Miss Anne's private diagnosis, were all very well—but somehow none of their dashing number appealed to her as particularly "worth while."

She and her mother remained in a chronic state of open warfare as a result.

Finally two, a trifle more persistent than the rest, fell into the habit of dropping in at the tiny cottage, each for a regular weekly call. To the neighbors they finally became designated as the "Tuesday Night Man" and the "Thursday Night Man," from the dates of their respective calls.

The Tuesday night visitor quickly formed the habit of becoming known to the neighbors by the great wealth of soft pink roses which constituted his floral offering at the feet of Miss Anne each Tuesday night.

Miss Anne's mother, beside herself with the expectancy of it all was wont to call the "Tuesday Night Man" the "Thursday Night Man" and the "Friday Night Man" morning to properly view the offering.

On Friday mornings the good lady had much the same pleasure to go through, excepting that the "Thursday Night Man" was a more regular auditor, "always did prefer to bring American beauties," and the worst of it all was, according to the poor lady, that Miss Anne appeared to like pink roses every bit as well as the red ones, and their owners with the same equal degree of enthusiasm.

The neighbors were becoming interested in this regular weekly affair of the roses—and twice each week, the gorgeous nosegays graced the table in the little dining room.

One night—it was Wednesday night—a strange young man was received at the door by Miss Anne. The next morning, when her daughter was well out of the way on a shopping tour, she topped, in company with one of the neighbors, into the room of Miss Anne. The air was replete with the fragrance of violets.

"These," she confided mysteriously, "are from the 'Wednesday night man'!"

After that the florist seemed to grow more bold, but violent. The "Tuesday Night Man" and his pink, blushing blossoms disappeared simultaneously, and it was not long before the American beauties ceased nodding their great glowing hearts in the dining room.

The Wednesday night man continued to come, and each day Miss Anne's dressing table, in place of the dining room, was graced with the fragrance of violets.

"Well, of all things!" said the neighbors, interestedly.

"And all that money spent for nothing, on those roses, too!" sighed Miss Anne's mother.

Then she owned resignedly in the innermost recesses of her motherly heart, that after all, Anne had always been a queer child from her babyhood up—she wished she hadn't taken after her father's side!

Active at 37.
 This would be unusual news if men and women would keep themselves free from rheumatism and all aches and pains as well as keeping their muscles and joints limber with Ballard's Snow Liniment.

Sold and recommended by W. A. T. Lister, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox street, Pensacola, Fla.

MUSCOGEE

Special to The Journal.
 Muscogee, Fla., Aug. 27.—Quite a crowd of young people from here visited the new mill Sunday.

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TODAY IS THE BIRTHDAY OF COUNT TOLSTOI

London Prepares Huge Celebration in Honor of Russian Novelist, Who Has Depicted So Correctly and Faithfully Russian Social Conditions.

Special to The Journal.

London, Aug. 27.—Russian refugees and thousands of literary men and political radicals will tomorrow celebrate the eightieth birthday of Count Leo Tolstoi with a great meeting which will probably be the most enthusiastic tribute ever paid in London to a literary man. Preparations for the great occasion have been going forward for months and tomorrow's culmination will be a veritable public unveiling of love and admiration for the great Russian novelist. Hundreds of messages of congratulation, signed by the most famous names in English literature and politics, will be sent from London to the venerable man who rules intellectual Russia by the power of his pen and who looms above the czar as a giant above a pygmy.

In connection with the Tolstoi birthday celebration, it is stated that a new novel has been completed by the great Russian and will make its appearance immediately after his death. The manuscript of the book has been read by an English friend of Tolstoi, who states that it is perhaps the most terrible exposure of modern society ever written. Dealing with the frailties and follies of fashionable women and the primal sins and passions of men, it is declared to be even more powerful than "Anna Karenina" and "The Kreutzer Sonata."

His New Novel.

"Father Sergius" is the title of the new novel, which will only be the light of day after the eyes of the author have been closed forever. It is the story of a wealthy guardian, prominent in St. Petersburg society, who becomes engaged to a typical society girl of the Russian capital. For a time the course of true love runs smoothly, and the guardian is serenely happy in the thought of a happy future. Shortly before the marriage, however, the young man discovered that the maiden, while pretending extreme innocence and modesty, had been carrying on a clandestine affair with a Russian court personage and that her innocence is only an affectation covering depths of depravity.

The rage of the young man at this tragic ending of his dreams of wedded bliss affords opportunity for fierce Tolstian castigation of society women, with the intimation that the girl is but a type common among the feminine devotees of smart society everywhere.

Utterly disgusted with the world and its ways, the officer throws up his commission in the army, enters a monastery, takes the cowl, and assumes the name of Sergius.

Here he vies with the ancient Indian anchorites in feats of self-mortification, followed by moods of ecstatic rapture, swellings of spirit and consciousness of the godlike power within him. The fame of his holy life is bruited abroad, and peasants begin to speak of him in awe as a wonder-working saint. Nowhere in the book is Tolstoi's artistic power so marvelously displayed as in these conversations among peasants.

The Second Part.

The second part of the novel opens with a description of a picnic arranged by youthful city pleasure hunters, who, with the ladies of their hearts, are whirled along in three-hundred to the accompaniment of the horses' silvery bells, past the golden-domed monastery, past the sylvan recess in which the holy hermit is ever doing penance. They discuss his romantic story, his fierce love of self-indulgence, his invulnerability to the shafts of temptation.

One blithe and pretty lady is scornfully sceptical as to the monk's invulnerability, declares that she could easily entice him from his pedestal of sanctity and have him at her feet if she wished.

Her male companion, a lawyer, challenges her to make good her boast, offering a heavy wager that she will fail.

The lady then descends alone from the three-hundred, wanders along the fringe of the forest, and, profling by a fall of fine rain knocks at the door of the hermit's hut, entreating the inmate to give her temporary refuge.

The ensuing scenes of temptation are most artistically and powerfully exemplified that which, under the pretext of wet garments, the lady proceeds to change them, while Sergius, with throbbing heart and swimming head, feels the awakening of a passion that was not dead, but sleeping, and maddened by the fear lest it should like an evil spirit, possess and sway him, he seizes a hatchet, and chaps off a finger.

The fair temptress, horror-stricken, flees from the austere hermitage, shedding tears of shame as she departs.

Meanwhile, the fame of the holy man spreads over a wider area. Even the inhabitants of distant cities hear of the pious anchorite, who is endowed with holy powers and miraculous faculties. The sick and suffering are

sent to him for physical healing and spiritual comfort.

Among others, a merchant takes his weak-minded daughter that the saintly man may intercede for her with God. The young, well-formed, attractive maiden is then left in the cell of the anchorite, who has undertaken to offer prayer for her day and night, but on the very first evening the presence of the girl awakens animal passions within him. Sinful thoughts flit through his brain like an army of evil spirits. A terrible struggle ensues between the spirit and the flesh, culminating in the absolute victory of the latter.

A Fallen Saint.

Day dawns upon the fallen saint, upon the brutal criminal. His storm of sudden passion subsiding the monk catches a furtive glimpse of the horror of the situation, and a second soul tempest follows the first sweeping away the entire structure of spiritual perfection so laboriously built up during many years. A sentiment of deliberate blind hatred springs up within him toward the girl there, who unwittingly caused his fall.

In a mad outburst of rage, Sergius catches a hatchet—the same hatchet with which he formerly had chopped off a finger and conquered temptation. Now he swings it aloft and cleaves the skull of the wronged maiden. Having gazed long at the gory corpse Sergius quits the cell.

In the next scene we behold the long-bearded monk, with his hair floating in the wind, holding a pilgrim's staff in his hand and walking eastward aimlessly.

BEULAH.

Special to The Journal.

Beulah, Aug. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bowman went to Pensacola Monday. Mrs. Bowman will spend this week in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Victor Resmondo was in the city Wednesday, with a large load of cane which he sold readily. The cane was very large and seemed to be fully matured.

John T. Wilson was a Pensacola visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Snowden were the guests of Arthur Shaw and family Sunday.

Mrs. Florence Bryan spent the afternoon of Tuesday as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Busby.

The protracted meeting at the M. E. church at Pine Forest seems to be a success as a good many from here attend regularly and report good meetings at every service.

The school commences next Monday, September 1, with Mrs. Annie Bowman as principal, and Miss Merritt, of Muscogee, assistant.

"No shooting allowed" is the sign some of the neighbors have put up on their fences. Hunters make it a nuisance by tearing and breaking down fences, perhaps thoughtlessly, and efforts are being made to stop it.

JAY.

Special to The Journal.

Jay, Fla., Aug. 26.—J. R. Faircloth and E. B. Harrison have returned from a visit to relatives in Monroe county, Alabama.

T. J. Jackson and Jack Lynn, of Polk, were pleasant visitors here yesterday afternoon.

J. M. Mahan made a flying business trip to Benton Tuesday afternoon.

John W. Abbot made a business trip to Tallahassee this morning.

The cotton is opening very rapidly, and the farmers of this section are picking and putting it on the market.

FALCO.

Special to The Journal.

Falco, Ala., Aug. 27.—H. A. Thompson lost a fine horse Monday night. The animal died with sickness.

Dr. and Mrs. Allen H. Miller attended church at Florala Sunday.

A number from Falco attended court at Andalusia Monday as witnesses against the Leonard boys. Bud and Charlie for grand larceny. All the trial was out off until September 7, on account of defendant's witness.

The little son of H. J. Cluffy fell against a nail which struck him in the month tearing a gash in his lip about an inch and a half.

As the Florida and Alabama Land Company's train was backing out to the woods for a load of logs yesterday morning with a train of skeleton cars, a cow tried to run between the cars, and wrecked the whole train except the front car, and engine. All the cars that were wrecked were badly torn up but fortunately no one was hurt. A singular coincidence is that this is the fourth serious wreck at the same place in a space not more than 200 feet. The last week before this one killed four men.